The Liberalist

Volume XXXVII AUGUST, 1960 Number 5

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

By R. C. Calloway

There's an awful lot to fishin'
Besides your line and pole.
With the speckled beauties hidin'
In some cool, deep hole.

There's the voices of the waters
That go laughing, bounding by,
Showing crystals in the sunlight,
Reflecting azure from the sky.

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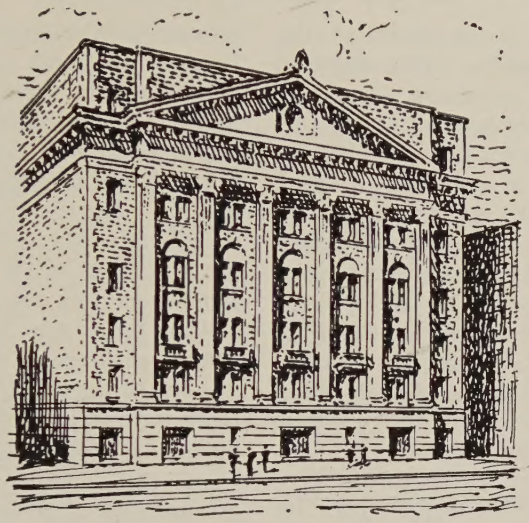
DR. BRADLEY'S PREACHING SCHEDULE IN EUROPE

Arriving Southampton, England	July 4
Preaching in Bath, England	July 10
House of Commons Luncheon for Dr. Bradley	July 13
Preaching in Copenhagen, Denmark First Unitarian Church	July 17
Preaching in Belfast, Ireland All Souls Unitarian Church	July 24
Also First Presbyterian	July 24
Preaching in Dublin, Ireland All Souls First Unitarian	July 31

Dr. Bradley returns from Europe on August 13, and goes immediately to his birthplace at Linden, Michigan, where on Sunday morning, August 14, he will preach the 100th Anniversary Sermon of the little white Presbyterian Church in Linden, where he preached his first sermon at the age of fifteen.

Sunday Morning Services resumed for 1960-61 Season Sept. 18, 1960
Will be broadcast by WLS 11:00 a.m.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM sure every reader of this August number will understand why it is necessary for me to write these words just a few days before I am sailing for Europe. The time element makes this necessary. I shall devote the entire September number to giving you some of my experiences and reactions to the summer's travel.

Our closing service in June was one of the most inspiring services of the entire church year. The weather was inclement but this did not prevent many of our radio friends from driving in to the services. There were people from Milwaukee, Gary, South Bend, Waukegan, Joliet and Michigan. I stood for nearly an hour after the service greeting our visitors, members and friends. I carry with me all summer long the memories of the closing service, and have during all the years.

As you read these words I shall be in Dublin, Ireland. By referring to another page in this issue you will have a detailed account of what I shall be doing in the time I am away from the United States.

I am looking forward to August 14th with more pleasant anticipation than any experience of the summer. The Presbyterian Church in my home village of Linden, Michigan, is one hundred years old in 1960. For several weeks they have been observing the Centennial. The pastor, the Reverend Robert S. McComb, who is a graduate of McCormick Theological Seminary here in Chicago, and was an occasional visitor to our church during his student days, invited me to preach an Anniversary Sermon on Sunday morning, August 14th, in the church.

The special interest to me is that it was in this church I preached my first sermon when I was fifteen years old. It was this church that I joined as a youth, and in spite of widening the horizon of my theology, I have retained a love and abiding affection for the church of my childhood. My father and my mother were both members of the church. My father at one time was a Trustee of the church; and the funeral services for both my mother and my father were held in the church where I shall preach on August 14th.

None of the people who knew me in those days are still living, but the village name continues and the offspring of the people whom I knew as a boy are still there. I was delighted to learn on our closing Sunday that several from our church are planning to drive to Linden, Michigan, to attend the service. I hope they do. It is not a difficult drive. It is a little less than 250 miles, but with the tollway it doesn't seem even that far.

Those who come will find one of the loveliest villages to be found anywhere. The beautiful Shiawassee River runs through the heart of the village. This was the river I learned to swim in and where I had my first boat. The house we lived in in my childhood was on the banks of the river and I would go to sleep every night to the sound of the water falling over the milldam. That sound was precious to me in my childhood. The milldam is still there and the mill pond made by the damming of the river is as it was in my childhood. Lakes both large and small surround our village and half a mile from the house in which I was born are several of the loveliest lakes I have ever seen. I go to my birthplace as often during the year as possible.

There, in the Fairview Cemetery,

which overlooks the river, rest all of my family: my grandfather and grandmother, my father, my mother, my aunt, my uncles and "mother" and Jimmy. My sister's family and I have a beautiful plot of ground in this cemetery and there we, too, will sleep among those we have loved.

The only tombstone on our lot is a huge boulder which was dug out of the earth on the farm which my father pounded iron to own. We dug up this huge granite boulder and transported it about two miles to our lot in the cemetery. On one side is chiseled in the stone just the word "Bradley," and on the other side the word "Lind," and then at each grave there is a flat marker at the head. This is the lot that Jimmy fixed just two weeks before he was laid to rest there. He chose the head markers and placed them there, including his own. Well, all this recalls memories which become increasingly precious as the years pass.

It will be a most nostalgic experience for me to stand in the pulpit of the old church again. It has now become one of the most active, dynamic churches that I know of anywhere. It seats only some 300 people, but it is filled twice every Sunday morning. A group of yonder-minded, forward-looking people are co-operating under the dynamic leadership of the Reverend Robert S. McComb. Perhaps some of our readers may find it possible to come to Linden and share with me the significance of the 14th of August.

My sister, Mrs. Russell Bradley Judson, who lives in the house in which we were born, will be with me in Europe this year. This is her first trip abroad, and inasmuch as home conditions prevent June from going, I am delighted my sister will have the opportunity. I, who have been several times to Europe, will recapture some of the enthusiasm which I had when I made my first trip. My sister, who took her work at the University of Michigan, and who taught for some time, is familiar with the history of many of the places and countries she will visit. She will be most companionable for me and it will be the first time we have been together for so long, since we were both children. I shall make some pictures of our trip and this fall, when I return, I hope to show the colored slides under the auspices of the organizations of our church. Sharing one's experiences always enhances one's own appreciation of them.

* * *

One of the busiest times of the year for me is when the commencement season begins. For many years I have had as many commencement addresses as I could possibly accept. It is a highly concentrated season and usually comes within a three-week period. We are already booking commencement addresses for 1961. With the exception of the congregations in our own church, they are for me the most stimulating audiences I address. I wish the season might be much extended so that I could accept more, though it is hard work. Usually the exercises are held in auditoriums or gymnasiums which overflow with people. I have had a most interesting season of commencements this year and many interesting and unusual circumstances have occurred.

One of the largest was when I gave the address for the 88th Annual Commencement of the Isaac C. Elston Senior High School at the auditorium in Michigan City, Indiana. It was a memorable occasion for me. There were 400 members in the class and I wish those who are cynical about American youth could have seen them

as they marched across the stage to receive their diplomas at the hands of the principal, Mr. F. Foy Haney. Supt. A. K. Smith introduced me with an introduction which made it easy to begin. This was the second or third time over the years in which I had given the commencement in Michigan City and I always look forward to it. It is sufficiently close to Chicago that my radio and TV activity reaches into the area, so I have an opportunity of meeting many radio and TV friends. This is always a delight for me.

* * *

I do not preach the baccalaureate sermon very often, as my work is usually confined to the commencement, but this year I was invited to preach the sermon at the 30th Annual Baccalaureate service of the Roosevelt High School, in the Roosevelt Auditorium, in Gary, Indiana. The service was dignified, worshipful and inspiring and the music the finest I have ever heard. The anthem "God is the Light of the World," by the mixed chorus would honor any pulpit or platform in this country. The Reverend Arthur W. Davis, Associate Pastor of Delaney Methodist Church, and the Reverend J. James Overstreet, Pastor of Van Buren Baptist Church, conducted the worship service. At the Baccalaureate service a sermon always is preached, yet I have always felt that the sermon one would preach at a Baccalaureate Service would also be appropriate as a Commencement Address at a graduation.

* * *

Another commencement address was for the graduation at Adrian High School, in Adrian, Michigan. There were 240 seniors in this class. I do not know whether the fact that they were all Michigan young people created any bias in my judgment, but I wish every person in the United States could have seen this graduation. The gymnasium was filled to capacity as they marched in and the processional and recessional were played by the high school band under the direction of Alvin Bohms. Then the President of the Senior Class, William Sims, welcomed the parents and friends with as dignified and impressive an address as I have ever heard. I predict for this young man a distinguished career. He has poise, projection and fine diction. David Luke, a member of the class, sang "Where'er You Walk," accompanied by Jerald Stone, who is the vocal music instructor.

Mr. William Austin, the superintendent of schools, spoke briefly on the last year in school, and discussed some of the problems with the maturity of his experience and a hope for the future of his fine school system.

This is the second or third commencement I have had with Mr. Austin, and as an educator and administrator he has few superiors.

After the exercises I was invited as a guest in his home, where in the aftermath of a great evening we spoke about our American young people.

Robert L. Hayden, the principal of the High School, presented the diplomas to the class. Sharing in the program was Mr. John Van Valkenburg, dean of men at Adrian College, who delivered the invocation and benediction.

This 103rd graduation class was the first to graduate from the new high school. I shall always remember what was truly an ovation given me by the class as I concluded the commencement address.

Adrian is a beautiful city and the administrative office of the school system is in one of the noble old homes, surrounded by magnificent trees. I

have known of Adrian College all my life and was delighted to learn of its progress as an important institution in Michigan education.

I have tried to keep through the years most of the commencement programs of the classes I have been privileged to address and it is now rather a common experience to have a graduate come up and greet me and say "You gave my father's address when he graduated" or "my mother's." It happens almost everywhere I go. I could go on with many personal experiences which weave the fabric of life. I have never met more alert, more concerned, more serious-minded young people than I have met this year. The tragedy is we hear mostly about those who get into trouble and we blanket the whole group with the reputation that only a small minority create for them. Only 3% of the 'teen-agers of this country were in any trouble with the law last year. That leaves 97% who are feeling deeply the responsibility upon them. They are the most concerned in what is going to happen in the next 25 or 30 years of their lives, and I am convinced that when the larger responsibilities are upon them, they will acquit themselves with distinction.

* * *

One of the great cultural organizations in our city is the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen. This conference was founded by Mrs. Charles S. Clark, who has been its president through its entire history. The purpose of the club is to give an opportunity to be heard to lecturers, artists, musicians, poets and all who have something to offer of a cultural character. It meets every Thursday noon during the season in Fullerton Hall of the Art Institute.

Through the years the club has always had an Annual Spring Luncheon, at which some distinguished world figure is recognized. One of the outstanding meetings of the conference was the occasion in which Dr. Albert Schweitzer was the Guest of Honor and was presented the Distinguished Service to Humanity Award.

I have co-operated on many occasions with the fine work Mrs. Clark has been doing. She is one of the most gracious, one of the most highly cultured and one of the most spiritually sensitive women I have ever known. She is superb as a chairman and her introductions are classics.

The last spring luncheon was one of the most interesting and unusual the organization has ever held, for the Guests of Honor were three Nobel Peace Award Winners: Lord John Boyd-Orr, of Scotland; the Right Honorable Phillip Noel-Baker, of the House of Commons of England; and the great humanitarian priest, Father Dominique Pire. Father Pire was given the Nobel Peace Award for his work in caring for refugees in Europe.

The distinguished guests at the speaker's table were: Lady Boyd-Orr; Honorable Perle Mesta, Former Minister to Luxembourg; Cornelia Otis Skinner, Cyril Ritchard, stars of "The Pleasure of His Company"; the Honorable Jean Beliard, Consul General of France; the Honorable Felix Standaert, Consul General of Belgium; Dr. Preston Bradley, Dean of Chicago Pastors, and Author; Dr. Charles R. Goff, Pastor, Chicago Methodist Temple; Commissioner Claude E. Bates, Salvation Army; Mrs. Audra Francis, Councilwoman of Saginaw, Michigan, President of Zonta International; Phillip Maxwell, D.M., Maestro, Chicagoland Music Festival; Dr. John Reich, Director, Goodman Memorial Theatre; Norman Ross, TV Commen-

tator; Dr. Rudolph Ganz, Dean of Chicago's Musicians; Dr. George W. Crane, Columnist; Dr. Herbert Phillips, President, Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation; Mrs. Hazel R. Ferguson (Mrs. Robert F.), President, Friends of Literature; Mrs. William Cowen, President, Artists' Advisory Council; Miss Jessie Weiler, President, Illinois Federation of Music Clubs; Louis Sudler, Civic Leader and Baritone; Miss Rhea Shelters, Accompanist; Mrs. Miner Coburn, Ticket Chairman, Today's Luncheon; and Mrs. Charles R. Walgreen, Chicago's "Woman of the Year."

Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner presented a sketch before the presentation of the distinguished guests. Mr. Louis Sudler, Chicago's well-known baritone, presented most inspiring musical numbers.

I was invited to give the tribute and the citation to the Right Honorable Phillip Noel-Baker. Noel-Baker responded in a classical and impressive address. I am looking forward to renewing our acquaintanceship in the House of Commons in London, where I am to be on July 13th.

The tribute to Lord Boyd-Orr was given by Mr. Norman Ross, who presented the citation from the Conference; and the tribute to Father Pire was given by Dr. Herbert Phillips, President of the Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation.

The Honorable Felix S. Standaert, Consul General of Belgium, and the Honorable Jean Beliard, Consul General of France, paid tributes to Father Pire.

I have participated in many auspicious occasions in my lifetime, but never one more thrilling than this.

Mrs. Charles S. Clark, who was about to leave on an extended tour around the world, in a most dramatic manner surprised us all when, at the conclusion of the program she picked up the gavel which she had wielded for so long and said "No one knows what I am about to say now or do, except myself, but I am handing the gavel over to Mrs. A. M. Houser, Jr." There was a hush which was really a suppressed sigh from the entire assembly of over 1000 people who were gathered for the occasion. As I looked down from the speaker's table I noted that tears came to the eyes of many there. We all hope it doesn't mean that Mrs. Clark is retiring in any way from her exalted position as one of the cultural, spiritual leaders of our city, but officially she has relinquished the responsibility of the presidency. Under the new president the great traditions will be maintained and the ideals and purposes which Mrs. Clark has so assiduously followed through the years will be continued.

In next month's issue I hope to give you some of the highlights of my summer experiences. I hope that you are all having a restful and restorative summer and will be as anxious to be back in our church on Sunday morning, September 18th, as I shall be.

KEEP LOOKING UP

WE APPROVE THE CAMPAIGN

Mayor Daley is making a special appeal to all the Chicago churches to help keep Chicago clean:

> "Let's make a good impression on the many visitors coming into Chicago during the summer months. Be a good neighbor—do your share."
>
> (Signed) Richard J. Daley, Mayor

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
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EDITORIAL

IN every hour of the day there are the little human interest backgrounds; the heroic and noble efforts of unknown men and women, who quietly carry on in their own little spheres and suffer and sacrifice. Without any fuss or fanfare they quietly meet heartache and challenges, day after day. History's pages are full of stories of men and women who had to face life under great pressure, who were forced to work against severe restraints on their bodies and minds, but who achieved greatness despite these odds. Instead of being discouraged and defeated under difficulty their powers to meet the challenge seemed to increase.

Joan of Arc was illiterate and penniless, yet fate tossed the role of heroine at her feet and she had the courage and the vision to go through with it.

Deafness impaired Beethoven's ability to conduct an orchestra or to appear in public concert, but it did not prevent him from picking incomparable melody out of the spheres.

Audubon suffered poverty, but his contributions to natural science are unsurpassed.

Theodore Roosevelt was sickly as a young man, yet he rode up San Juan Hill at the head of the Rough Riders; and another Roosevelt rose above the crippling effects of infantile paralysis to the highest office in this world.

Robert Louis Stevenson never knew an hour of life free from pain, but he did not drown his soul or ruin his body by adding, through his own conduct, to his own destruction. No! He wrote "Treasure Island" and the beautiful, incomparable essays. You say they were people of genius. Yes, but the very same quality of facing life and its difficulties we can have, though we possess not one spark of their intellectual genius.

I have seen humble and unknown people with great problems and deep sorrows, rising superbly above them all. A joyous adventure, in spite of everything, we can all make of this thing called life.

"THE LIFE INDESTRUCTIBLE"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

EASTER SUNDAY
APRIL 17, 1960

(Because of the long list of our members and listeners who requested a copy of the Easter Sermon, we are publishing it this month.)

THIS is the forty-eighth Easter that I have had the opportunity, the responsibility, and the privilege of standing in this pulpit and facing the congregation of this church with the challenge of an Easter sermon. And if I could have forty-eight more Easters, or twenty more Easters, with you (both of which are impossible) I would not nearly exhaust the full potential of this subject of the continuity of life. It is a subject for a lifetime of preaching and not to emphasize in one particular day in the year. It is inexhaustible because, sooner or later, it becomes an individual question with every human being: is my life a continuous life, or is it conditioned by an episode called death?

I know of no individual, in a long lifetime of acquaintanceship with people, who has not come face-to-face with the question: Do I live through the experience of death? We go about our daily tasks and meet our responsibilities immersed in the immediacy of the present, concerned with food and raiment and shelter; we meet our responsibilities as citizens, as business people.

Day after day we live life on these terms and then, perhaps out of a blue sky, there comes to us the knowledge that someone we know and someone we love and someone who has been a part of our life is dead! Then we are impelled into the area of this question.

We may spend a major part of our life unconcerned with it: there are those who treat death rather nonchalantly; there are those who think of it as merely a part of the biological processes from birth to cessation of consciousness and death; there are those who accept it as one of the natural phenomena of human existence and they go along philosophically, quite unconcernedly, for many years and then, then it happens! Then we stare it in the face; then we are compelled, no matter what our philosophical or theological attitude of it might be, we are compelled to think: Is that the end? Is it over? Are we like leaves from a tree in the autumn that fall flutteringly to the ground to fertilize next season's leaf? Are we a snowflake on a river, bound for the open sea without direction or guidance? Are we victims of an existence which we did not ask for and we were not consulted about, and will not be consulted about when it's over? Suddenly face-to-face these things are thrown at our minds and, no matter what we have been or done before, it happens, and we face the eternal enigma of death—prelude to life!

There isn't a mind that escapes it! You may deny it this morning; you may be so immersed in the contemporary aspect of life that you deny it; you may shrug your shoulders and pass it off with a gesture, you may do all of these things, but you will face it one of these days! You are not intelligent enough, nor secure enough, nor rich enough, nor powerful enough that you can escape this ultimate challenge!

What about it? What about it? No

one can prove immortality! It has never been proven. Never! But in the same breath let me say no one can disprove it either! Science cannot disprove it any more than the theologian can prove it! And this idea of attempting to prove immortality is beyond the limited intellectual capacity of the human mind! You can't do it that way nor with that technique. Neither can you disprove it! The atheist is as illogical and untenable in his thesis as is the blind devotee of a literalism about a Resurrection! They both represent an extremity which deepens into an absurdity! But in between the assurance that there is no life after the time space consciousness which we now occupy, or saying, "You die like a beast in the field when life is over!" and those who insist the actual body is resurrected—between those two extremes there are great areas of great thoughts that have been expressed by great minds before Christ ever was born and long after He died, for there is a difference between immortality and a physical resurrection!

Immortality is one thing, a physical resurrection is another! And the idea of immortality belongs in the great company of comparable great ideas. They belong together! And some of the authenticity for my belief in immortality, which grows stronger with every hour of my life, is based upon this associational quality of these great ideas of permanency of the human soul! The fact is the nobility of the human personality: the mind of man, the heart of man, the heroism of man, the creative potential of man, who has adorned the art galleries of the world with his genius and immortalized his emotions in color and sound, the sharing of the human personality with the creative quality of the Divine is, because of its great associational idea, what convinces me that there is something in you and something in me that survives death!

It belongs in the realm of associational ideas: that the human personality of man, which is the highest manifestation of the evolutionary process of life, climbing from the slime to the stars, and what a climb—but what a star—and the mind of man which shares the creative propensity of the finest mind of God,—don't you accept for one moment that that is imprisoned in thirty, forty, seventy, eighty or ninety years of life! That doesn't belong to the little time space consciousness of our years in which we spend and work and love and laugh and suffer in this plane of existence! There is something there which has the sweep of the eternal; there is something there which cannot be destroyed!

Death is no more powerful than we permit it to be! No grave is any deeper than we permit it to be dug! No one who has ever shared the responsibilities of personality in this world has ever been able to speak otherwise! That is the continuity of the soul: that is the real meaning of Easter Day: it is a demonstration against the materialistic, mechanistic philosophy of life that goodness, truth and beauty can be put into a grave or burned to ashes in a crematory! It has nothing to do with form and creed and ceremony! Let the Christian Church express that idea in any way it chooses. It is attempting to make it articulate and understandable to the minds and hearts of men. Let them anchor to the mundane interpretation of physical procedure, but in that don't shut the door to the spiritual evolution of the soul, for I believe in that evolution as much as I believe in this body, as much as I believe in yours!

Every seven years we have a new

body; every seven years every atom of your body is completely changed! It undergoes a process of continuity. You die and are resurrected every seven years of your life! If that principle, in a mundane world, is true, compare it to the spiritual propensity of a Divine law! I say to you, with all of the emphasis which my limitations and tired body can possibly project, I say to you that you are an eternal soul; that there's something in you that will not die; that there is something in you that survives all the physical limitations which we know!

How could any tomb hold this classic example of the Galilean, who was the finest embodiment of goodness, truth and beauty the world has ever seen: how could a tomb hold Him? It didn't take an earthquake to break down the door; it didn't take an angel! How could any tomb hold Him, who was life and light to the souls of men? Easter is not a time for argument—Easter is a time for an announcement! And, now may the assurance of the permanency of light and life and love, the continuity of every excellent thing, in your life and mine, make us finer and better till next Easter and its light!

"OUTDOOR RELIGION"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
MAY 22, 1960

TO the members of the Izaak Walton League of America and some of the national officers who are attending this service in person this morning, what I'm going to say in the first two or three minutes of the sermon will be "old hat" because through the years they have heard it many, many times, but I know that there are always people, particularly in the radio congregation, and frequently in the service itself, who are not familiar with what has become the most effective conservation organization in these United States and, consequently, for a moment or two I may be somewhat repetitious, but I am doing it deliberately and for a definite purpose.

Thirty-eight years ago on the Fifteenth of January, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two, a group of fifty-four men met together in the heart of Chicago's Loop at a noon luncheon. That week I was away on a lecture tour in Oklahoma. I received a night letter from one of the greatest crusading writers in the field of outdoor literature this country has ever known, Mr. Will H. Dill. I still have the telegram which Mr. Dill sent to me thirty-eight years ago last January in which he urged, with all of his persuasive powers, that I return to Chicago and be present at that luncheon. He was so persuasive that I could not but accept the invitation. I came back to Chicago and I sat down with fifty-four other men on that memorable January afternoon here in the City of Chicago, where were crystallized the ideals and purposes for the preservation and restoration of the rapidly disappearing out-of-doors from American life.

I had the honor of giving the Izaak Walton League its name. I had returned in late autumn from visiting and preaching in England and I went, as I always do, to the Winchester Cathedral just north of Southampton in England for the purpose of standing at the grave of Izaak Walton. I have been a student of Walton all of my life. I have collected first editions of his masterpiece *The Compleat Angler* and

have assembled several very fine copies of it. I am familiar with his biographies which he wrote in cooperation with the great writer Cotton Mather, and I have been interested in his literature as well as his love of the out-of-doors. Izaak Walton, of course, is immortalized as the author of *The Compleat Angler* which is probably the most interesting description of the unblemished sport to be found in any literature anywhere. I had just visited his grave, and when this group of men were discussing the dreams and the hopes for conservation in the United States, which up until that time was nothing but a political football, a group of us felt that the time had arrived when a movement should be instituted and organized which constructively and creatively would help in the solidification of public opinion against the destruction of their forests, the pollution of their streams, the disappearance of all the wild and lovely things of the out-of-doors with which America was so blessed and which Americans so much enjoyed. I arose at that meeting and suggested the name of Izaak Walton.

The motion was made that we call it The Izaak Walton League of America and from that moment on this organization has grown—it has grown carefully, constructively, and progressively. It is concerned scientifically from the point of view of good legislation, from the point of view of courageous activity wherever the outdoors of America is jeopardized. It is not an organization primarily of fishermen and hunters, although I love to fish. I do not hunt, but I love to fish, and I let more fish go than I keep, I can assure you of that! I fish with a barbless hook, with a minimum amount of suffering, physical suffering, to any form of life whatsoever.

Now the Izaak Walton League has developed into an international organization. It has members in every State of the Union and has interests and conservation activities. It has stood behind great conservation movements in the United States of America.

The next national convention of this league will be held in Minneapolis in the third week in June, and I have been asked to give the address at the Annual Banquet that night. I consider this a great honor because last year at the national convention in Philadelphia we had Arthur Godfrey, and the year before we had Mr. Nixon, the Vice President of the United States, and to follow in that succession at this great national banquet is for me, and I think this church, an honor, that we have been invited to participate to this extent in this great convention. For three years I served as the National President of the Izaak Walton League and all over this country, in State after State, it was my privilage to meet the finest examples of the best citizenship of various cities.

Now why are we concerned about our out-of-doors? What is this religion of the out-of-doors? What is its concern, the whole concern, of conservation? What is it about? Is it about saving someone's fishing? Not at all! Is it about preserving someone's hunting? Not at all! Is it merely about the preservation of sportsmanship in the out-of-doors? Not at all! It is because the men and women who compose the major leadership of this great organization of preservation and restoration are concerned basically with the character of the American people! They are concerned about what is going to happen to our character in an age and in an environment where we are, all of us, increasingly the receptors of a mechanistic, materialistic age and hour, of the concrete and artificial things of our so-

ciety, the artificial glamor and glitter of life, the things that man has made, the tyranny of machines, the agony of materialism, the grossness of the mechanics of life. The opportunity for bathing the soul in the purity of sunlight and in the glory of an unpolluted out-of-doors is disappearing rapidly. The one quality which made America great and which America needs to recapture and find again is the quality of the pioneer spirit! At an hour when we have become flabby with the degeneracy of our own qualities of life; at an hour when resistance is lessened; at an hour when individuality is being destroyed; at an hour when we are all becoming numbers and cogs in the great machine of modern commerce; at an hour like that it is the great qualities of the pioneering character that we can recognize in every single, solitary builder of this nation, every architect of our destiny, every one of them!

The greatest Presidents the United States has ever known have all been out-of-doors men! The greatest Presidents we have ever known have been men who loved the quiet, serene places of nature; who knew the companionship of trees; who knew the loveliness of lakes and oceans; who knew the fury of mountain blasts! They have not been the cloistered, petty playthings of the artificial character of much of our modern life. They have been men of strength and character and of pioneer quality!

There is no influence in a human life that restores a basic concept of moral and spiritual values like growing things! The unpolluted stream; the uncontaminated prairie; the beauty of the out-of-doors of our country—all these have been the contributing factors to the creation of much of our character. They are disappearing in our national parks, in the great natural grazing lands of the continent, in the conquest of our economy; in the dunes of Indiana where they are being replaced by the great tall stacks that will shoot and belch into the air the signals of our progress!

Is this progress? Is this what it's all about? It this the reality of our real character? Must we be pettied and favored and pampered until we lose the virility of the storm and the nobility of the tempest of life and our resistance is weakened and gone and the first cloud that appears on the horizon scares us into the hurricane cellars of life, and we seem incompetent and unable to stand up with our shoulders back, our chins in the air, and meet these things with a challenge of strength?

Trees do not lie, only men are liars; lakes are never hypocrites, only men are hypocrites! Nature is never false. You play her game according to her rules or you drown and die! There is a great fundamental justice to nature and that effect upon the human personality is tremendous! The real struggle is to build character! Does it interest you to know that Judge Victor Arnold told me shortly before his death, and he was the Judge of the Juvenile Court of the City of Chicago for years, that there *never* had been a boy before him for a major crime who had ever worn the uniform of a Boy Scout! Never a boy before him for a major crime who had ever worn the uniform of a Boy Scout! Many of them came out of churches and Sunday schools, but not those who learned nature and the religion of nature, and the love of nature!

I shall never forget once, years past, one night I was lecturing in Appleton, Wisconsin with the great Emerson Hough, who wrote that great editorial that we published on the front page of

OUTDOOR AMERICA in one of the first issues; Emerson Hough, the great American novelist who wrote *The Covered Wagon.* Emerson Hough wrote our editorial, and he captioned it *It Is Time To Call A Halt!* Time to get out from under the softness, the ease, the fattiness and the flabbiness that come from too much comfort and too great a security, out into the tempest and the conflict where things are pure and honest and true! And Emerson Hough and I sat in the Pullman coming home from Appleton in the late hours that night and Mr. Hough went over and opened his grip and took out a copy of *The Covered Wagon,* and that volume is in my library today. Sometimes in the discouragements of life, I go to it and I pick it out and I just hold it in my hands, because the hands of the great Emerson Hough had cradled that book. And Mr. Hough brought it to me from his valise and he said, "Preston, I want you to have one of the first copies of *The Covered Wagon",* and Emerson Hough wrote on the flyleaf: "To my friend, Preston Bradley: The coward never started, The weak died on the way, Only the strong arrived!" And Mrs. Hough, who is still living, is listening to this sermon there in her home at the Edgewater Beach. She will remember: "The coward never started. The weak died on the way. Only the strong arrived!" This is the hour for adventure! This is not the coward's moment—this is the hour for the brave, the adventuresome, those who are not afraid of the future, and I'm not!

Now, may the spirit of love and of peace, and an awareness of the importance of the dignity and the greatness of life be upon us all: may we be thankful for every flower that blooms, the smiling face of every little child, the cold nose of a little dog against the palm of our hands; thankful for our love of the growing, beautiful things of the world! Oh, God, help us to keep them, always!

BOOK CHATS

THE Lovely Ambition, by Mary Ellen Chase. Published by W. W. Norton & Co. $3.95:

This book is published as a novel, but to me it is the biography of a family. I felt it just had to be Mary Ellen Chase's own family. This may be entirely untrue, but I enjoyed it as such and such it will always remain to me. Surely one could not write with such apparent love and consecration about every member of a family except it were her own.

I'm so grateful to have read The Lovely Ambition, which was the ambition of the sweet and gentle soul, Mr. Tillyard, the father of the family—an ambition to be helpful where help was needed. He was a Wesleyan. He was born in Suffolk and became a Wesleyan minister. The Methodists in England were known as "Chapel," in contrast to the Anglicans, who were "Church." Church looked upon Chapel with quiet condescension. Her father's (I shall refer to members of the family as does the book, just as though they were the author's family) love of God extended quite naturally to a love and concern for all men, and especially for the humble and undistinguished among them. He had faith in their limitless possibilities; had a genius for getting inside the minds of quite simple men and

women, "nor did he ever assume, as did many pastors of many diverse flocks, that they had no minds to enter. He loved watching thatchers carefully spreading their yellow straw upon brown, huddled ricks, or hedgers in their canvas aprons by their solitary bonfires of the blackthorn, or holly or beech which they had cleared away for burning. . . . Nor was he ever above using his country knowledge to help them at their tasks.

"He had, of course, most trying qualities. Those few persons who at least *seem* to know where they are going are often exasperating to the many who are not at all sure concerning their journey through life. My mother used to say that, if only he would rely less on God and consider carefully his modest salary, we should all be better off in every way than we ever were. When, in fact, I recall after all this time the many things so alien and hateful to her that my mother had to put up with for the sake of my father for thirty years, both at home and in America, I still marvel at her powers of endurance, resilience, and restoration. There were, to name but a few, his annoying slowness; . . . and always without end the mediocre, wearisome round of life in ugly, inconvenient parsonages and in uglier chapels. My mother was lively and beautiful, whimsical and imaginative. She was made to grace other circles than those of unimportant and shabby village parishes.

"She was flint to my father's sober steel, and myriads of sparks resulted when these were struck together by her anxiety or impatience. Sometimes at night in Saintsbury I awoke in my room across the narrow hall from theirs, conscious of her expostulations and even anger and of his quiet rejoinders. They made it a custom after one of these collisions of mind to creep down the stairs to the kitchen for a healing cup of tea. I am sure that the security and happiness of my English childhood owe much to Mazawattee or to the more expensive brew of Thomas Lipton, drunk happily in the dead of night by a hastily replenished fire.

"At all events I can recall few family breakfasts when quickening devotion to my father did not light up my mother's face."

I said I was grateful to have read this book. My gratitude is for the refreshment of living, through the pages of this book, in the midst of a family so closely knit as to restore any faith I might have lost in real family life. When one reads of the Tillyard family and the loving bonds that united them through "thick and thin," one does not wonder at the juvenile delinquency of this day and age in the light of the broken families and much of our modern living.

After a sojourn with them in England we come to America with them all, by means of steerage. This was an experience which could have been avoided had the father been willing to accept the offer of his wife's father, the archdeacon, who had been strongly opposed to his daughter's marriage. The archdeacon himself being Church found it very difficult to accept a Chapel man as a son-in-law.

"My mother, who declared soon after our embarkation that the 'huddled masses' in the Statue of Liberty poem could never again be any mystery to her, kept reminding us a dozen times during our memorable crossing of the Atlantic that, had we accepted the archdeacon's generous offer of funds, we should forevermore have been deprived of the Plimsolls. The archdeacon for purely social reasons, my father said, and therefore unimportant

and extremely distasteful, if not abhorrent to him, had volubly objected to our traveling as steerage passengers. The very thought, he wrote, kept him from sleep by night and from peace of mind by day. If to travel first class were out of the question, we must at least manage second, which management he would be glad to make possible from his own slender purse. My mother in a weak moment might have accepted her father's proposal on the theory that families who had nothing or little to offer in terms of emotional and spiritual gifts should be allowed to contribute material necessities whatever motive prompted their willingness; but my father was invulnerable and perhaps even a bit shocked by her disconcerting realism. Not only was he determined to shoulder his own responsibilities, he said, but he also eagerly welcomed the opportunity to travel as an emigrant among his fellow men, regardless of their race or their color or their poverty. They were all men of good hope seeking to better their lot in a new land. Why should he who shared their common lot and believed devoutly in their dignity and value as human souls accept or even expect greater comfort than they were able to obtain for themselves and their families? . . . Whenever the din and confusion on our deck, which was at the stern of the ship and open to the sky, became unbearable or Mr. Plimsoll too fervent and ubiquitous, my father went to the tiny cabin which he shared with Ansie (short for Anselm) where he could sit on the edge of his narrow bunk, read his Thoreau, and meditate upon, or perhaps even recapture, his faith in that dignity and value of the human spirit under whatever guise these qualities seemed to be quite successfully concealing themselves on our steamship."

Mary Ellen Chase writes with a beauty of spirit and understanding; her characterization of Mrs. Baxter, who came with the parsonage in Pepperell, Maine, is particularly sympathetic and rings so very true. There is humor, with quiet dignity throughout. Enough is left to the reader's intuition to make for artistic beauty of writing. The mother's character is finely drawn, with her ever loving concern that The Lovely Ambition of John Tillyard shall not be thwarted, though it take her through fire and brimstone, as when one after another, three inmates of that Augusta Institution (which they all lovingly called the Hospital) were invited for week-ends or longer as house guests of the parsonage; her own conniving that Mrs. Gowan (the one with the most possibilities for healing) should come by her invitation, with the plain intent of having her husband's Lovely Ambition fulfilled in helping to restore one of these, his charges. There was the secret which the mother kept overnight, when she planned that with some extra and unexpected money John had earned, he should be sent on a trip to Walden Pond, the trip he had always wanted, but never dreamed possible of attainment. It was there he had met the Doctor who arranged for him to visit periodically at Augusta in an effort to help these unfortunate people in the "hospital."

It was interesting to me that the author merely stated the tragedy which occurred at the end of the book, without dwelling on it or its effect on the various members of the family. She picks up life with each one afterward, but I could not help but assume that the father's life must have been shortened by the tragedy during Mrs. Gowan's last visit to the parsonage in Pepperell.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

I WANT to talk to you, our readers, a few minutes about OUR LOVELY INHERITANCE.

Last Saturday evening for the first time in my life I realized that each of us does possess a Lovely and Wonderful Inheritance. I hadn't thought about it appreciatively before this time. A dear friend who had had supper with me had just left for home and I sat in what I call my studio-living room in my new home (my two-room-and-bath apartment). I suddenly felt a great sense of happiness, at-homeness and comfort in this little new home of mine. I looked around me and asked myself "Why do I feel so happy here?" Of course I knew part of it was because it was my own little home, and possession means a great deal to each of us. But I was sure it was something more than that. I glanced across the room and my eyes looked upon a painting (a pastel) I had recently completed and it looked so rich and soft and lovely in its new gold wooden frame that it was a pleasure to feast my eyes upon it.

I then glanced at each picture on the walls in turn and realized that every one was an original painting—not all my own by any means. There were four by friends of mine, one which I had brought from Switzerland and three of my own work. But each one was an original creation out of the intelligence, the spirit and the heart and soul of a human being. Of course the association of so many of them with friends, and with places that I knew and loved meant a great deal also. But never before, until I had taken up painting myself did I realize how much of a person goes into a painting. It is a creation of the heart and soul—a part of the person themselves; not just the intelligence, but the whole being. Now I am no genius I realize; I do not have definite talent. No, but I work like a beaver at each painting that I do. I struggle with it—I wrestle with it. At the outset the thing looks like an impossible task. Then I know I must begin it somehow, so I make a start. When I think I have practically finished my "great work," just about then my teacher makes a remark which shocks me, and I realize she doesn't think I am nearly finished with it. Probably I shall have to have two more sessions with it. Inwardly my soul rebels, yet I know I shall struggle on, even if it should mean starting all over again.

Well, now, when one has wrestled like Jacob with the angel, can you not imagine the sense of happy fulfillment when one looks at the finished result and decides that at least it does look like something, and is pleasing in color and line to the eye?

In a painting you love there is beauty and comfort and satisfaction. And so as I looked around the room I realized why I loved it.

Did you ever plant a garden? No matter whether it is of flowers or of vegetables. You put those dead and dry-looking seeds in the ground and

you tend and water them with care. Then when the green shoots begin to come up you feel a sense of excitement and anticipation and satisfaction. And when finally the flowers appear, with their reds, and yellows, their blues and purples, your happiness is complete and you reach out and take your friends by the arm and say "Do come and see my garden." Why not? It is your creation! It is the fulfillment of your struggle; it is your accomplishment!

Why do parents love to say to a friend "Meet my little boy, Johnny"; or "This is my little girl, Ellen." The child is a part of themselves—the creation of their love. Then when the struggle of bringing up Johnny and Ellen has been accomplished and Johnny or Ellen has done something very fine with life, how happy and what a sense of fulfillment that is to any parent. (Will Johnny and Ellen please take note of this?)

When you men go down to your basement workbench and make a ship or an aeroplane or a cabinet or some other article for the house; or when you carve something out of a dead-looking piece of wood, or you mold something out of common clay; or when you women knit a sweater or a gown or make a dress or a cake or even a scrapbook, it is a creation of your very own. And oh, how much more valuable than anything you could go out and buy. It's something very special—a part of yourself. So is the home which two people plan and create together.

Now this is Our Lovely Inheritance from God himself, the first creator. We have inherited this attribute of God—the ability to create. But we must use it to make it grow and increase. Do you remember the man who buried his one talent in the ground? That talent referred to, was no doubt an ancient piece of money.

You do not have to have a special talent to create *something!* With use your creative talent will grow. If you don't believe this, visit any one of the Senior Centers, where elderly people are finding something for idle hands to do. If you only make a scrapbook, create something! Create! Create! There is no inheritance in all this world that will bring that particular kind of happiness and sense of fulfillment that creating something will do. Care for a plant in your room! Make a doll dress for some little girl. Show a child how to make something. Go to the library and look up hobbies; go to a Senior Center and see what they are doing there.

Speech-making is creative. Perhaps you belong to a club where you can make a little talk. Planning and building that little talk and doing the best you can with it will give you that creative satisfaction.

Create! Create! Create! Use that God-given inheritance and find happy contentment in some creative hobby. Then and only then will you come into this Lovely Inheritance of yours. Why leave it buried in the ground?

* * *

With this August issue of The Liberalist I celebrate ten years of writing the Radio Mail Bag. For better or worse it has been a joy and a pleasure!

* * *

Because so many people asked for the following poems read by Dr. Bradley on Outdoor Sunday, we are putting them in the Mail Bag this month:

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall,
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

John Greenleaf Whittier

* * *

APOLOGY TO ST. PETER

by Mildred Lutton

It may be your duty to chase away dogs,
But there's one that won't run if you chase him,
He had his own notions of where he belonged,
And I want you to know when you face him,
I'm to blame if he slips through the heavenly gate,
And hides if you try to eject him.
He always thought people were nicer than dogs,
And I hadn't the heart to correct him.

* * *

You cannot shut the trees in,
You cannot hide the hills;
You cannot wall the seas in,
You cannot choke the rills.

The corn will only nestle
In the broad arms of the sky;
The clover crop must wrestle
With the common wind or die.

And while these stores of treasure
Are spread where I can see,
By God's high bounteous pleasure,
They all belong to me.

Eliza Cooke

* * *

Recently Dr. Bradley addressed the Chicago Chapters of the American Women Public Accountants. This letter refers to that address:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The words on this paper are most inadequate to express my personal appreciation and that of the woman accountants and their enthralled guests whom you addressed on Tuesday evening.

It was a memorable evening for us—alone the fact that you would come and then to be so gracious and generous with your speaking time. You gave us much pleasure—but more important, you gave us food for thought.

Thank you again.

Kindest greetings to your good self and Mrs. Bradley, who was a most charming dinner companion.

Sincerely,

Alma E. Rasmussen

* * *

A TV response follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is said "Whatever happens, it happens for the best."

This morning I missed going to my own church, as I had forgotten to move my clocks; in fact I was not aware that this had to be done. Since I am a professional singer at my own church each Sunday and seldom absent, you can imagine my distress, when realizing that I had to miss the word of God, which to me as a lonely person is so important. To go to church and hear the word of God and receive the blessings is to me like going to the bank and drawing a little to keep me going for the week to come.

Often I have heard you over the radio—years ago when in a hospital for a long time, but today I actually saw you. Since I missed going to my own church, I at once turned on my television, and I thank God for the opportunity he provided for me. I feel by missing my own church service God reimbursed me, by letting me hear and see you!

You appeared to me like a worrying father over his flock (his Christian children). Your words spoken were so sincere and came out of the depths of your heart and soul.

The soul is indeed the most important thing today. When we mean well and do all to the best of our knowledge, then I think our soul has had a hand in it—especially in what we hoped to have done for others.

May I express my best wishes to you, and assure you *how much* your sermon has meant to me.

I am a lonely person, living here in the United States without any folks,

far away from home, but sermons like yours and my own belief in a Father in Heaven are keeping me going, and holding tight the clasp of God's hand. I wish I could meet you once face to face.

Enclosed a *little* for which you will I am sure find a needy spot.

May God grant you health and many more years as a minister.

In God, sincerely,
Henri E. Naumann

P.S. All happens for the best if looked on from God's point of view.

Such a grateful heart as Mr. Naumann's certainly will be blessed.

* * *

So often, because of radio or television, Dr. Bradley will hear from acquaintances of former years. This letter pleased him very much. It came from Pontiac, Illinois.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On an impulse I am writing to tell you how much I appreciated your sermon yesterday (the same sermon which Mr. Naumann wrote about). Your prayer and the entire service lifted me up.

I believe you made the statement that you had been pastor of your church for 48 years.

I recall that in the 1913 to '15 period I was a representative of an entertainment bureau, in Livingston and McLean Counties. I think it was the "Century" Bureau. You were among the entertainers on my list, and it was easy to present you to my prospective buyers for I was so impressed at that time with your personality and your future; and your success has proved my impressions at that time were correct. Now I am an old lady 86 years old and a great-grandmother, and naturally not very vigorous, but thankful that I have retained my faculties and the ability to appreciate the fine things of life.

Sincerely, Mrs. Crum

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have been one of your ardent radio listeners over the years, and when I am not able to attend our services here in South Bend, I always get yours, and they are always so inspirational.

I think the first part of the service, when you ask us to pause for silent meditation and prayer, is a tune-up and it prepares me for your sermon.

I have spoken to several members of our church and wish we could adopt that method in our service, so we were wondering if it would be asking too much for you to send it to us. I will be most grateful and enclose a stamp.

I am praying that God will continue to bestow his choicest blessings on you and your family.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Frank Weiss

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You indeed distinguished our Annual Meeting Tuesday night and won the accolades of every member of our audience for the dynamism of your message.

Your address was inspiring and motivating and one which has left an indelible impression upon the minds of us all. Individually and collectively we, working within the Harvey Association of Commerce and Industry, are the beneficiaries of the wisdom you imparted and will certainly direct what we learned toward the betterment of ourselves and our community.

Sincerely yours,
Eugene G. Silveri,
Executive Director,
Harvey Association of Commerce and Industry

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Funeral
Cut 10 Video Tapes
for WBKB-TV

2—Commencement Address,
Auditorium Bldg., High School,
Michigan City, Indiana.

3—Funeral
Address. Liberty Baptist Church,
for Board on Christian Education.

4—Funeral
Two Weddings

5—Sunday Morning Service
Address. Roosevelt High School,
Gary, Indiana

6—Cut record for United Film
and Broadcasting Co.

7—Attendance Men's Club "Circus"
Peoples Church

8—Cut Video Tapes for WBKB-TV
Address. Lake Shore Club

9—Address, Commencement,
Adrian, Michigan

11—Two Weddings

12—Sunday Morning Closing Service

16—Cut records WCFL
50th Anniversary of Bishop Sheil

17—Worked in study

23-24-25—Address Izaak Walton League
of America Convention, Minneapolis,
Minnesota

29—Sail for Europe

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Anna Monson

3—Mrs. Louise Mains

4—Dr. Matthew Teeling

WEDDINGS

4—Sandra Gordon and
Harry W. Miller

Doris Lily Wicky and
Dr. Erwin Hans Bareiss

11—Sarah Kelley and
Gerald Winer

CHRISTENINGS

12—Kenneth Brian Dexter, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dexter

Michael E. Jahn, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jahn

The Following New Members Were Publicly Received
Into the Peoples Church on June 5, 1960

Mrs. Robert DeArkland
4241 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. William A. Faust,
Howey in the Hills, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Hall,
R. R. 1, Box 225, Yorkville, Ill.

Mr. Wendell Hall,
R. R. 1, Box 225, Yorkville, Ill.

Mrs. Florence Hoben,
6420 Bosworth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
from Universalist Church, Oak Park

Mrs. Genevieve Jentzen,
Route 2, Hobart, Indiana

(son) Mr. Alan Jentzen,
Route 2, Hobart, Indiana

(daughter) Miss Donna Jentzen,
Route 2, Hobart, Indiana

Mrs. William J. Kehoe,
1344 Winnemac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Charles G. Knight,
5462 N. Lawler Ave., Chicago

Mr. A. R. Lemke,
6528 N. Fairfield Ave., Chicago

Mr. Charles Pritchard,
8214 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago
from United Brethren Church

Mrs. Margaret Smith,
2530 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago

Miss Alta Wilkey,
5454 Kenmore Ave., Chicago

Miss Rotha Wilkey,
5454 Kenmore Ave., Chicago

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services (from 3rd Sunday in September to 2nd Sunday in June) ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall (during church season) ..... 9:30 a.m.

Pre-school children ..... 10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for adults, Anderson Hall ..... 10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) Sec., Mabel Snively BU 1-0416. Will meet all summer.

Woman's Club: For summer events and Bazaar work, contact Mrs. Viggo Jensen, KI 5-1708, 4631 N. Keating, Chicago 30. During the church season meetings are held on the first and third Mondays, in Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club. For summer events contact Mrs. Ida Loe, RA 8-2146. During the church season Sunday Afternoon Teas are held in Anderson Hall on the second Sunday of the month ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club: For information contact Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Corr. Sec., ED 4-5998. During church season meetings are held the fourth Tuesday of each month, in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule This Summer

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Daily, Monday through Friday ..... 7:55 a.m.

WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.

WLS will broadcast the Sunday Morning Church Service beginning with the opening service Sept. 18, 1960 ..... 11:00 a.m.

Subscription Coupon

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Magikist Services have carried two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season. This is the second season in which Magikist Services have thus supported the work of our church.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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